

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 154.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

PRICE 1^d.

DR MUSPRATT'S PATIENTS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—LETTER FROM 'GILLY WILLIAMS' TO
GEORGE SELWYN.

Come, Friday Morning.

A THOUSAND thanks, my dear George, for your long letter. Your constant supply of intelligence makes the arrival of the post, that most precious of moments in the country, more than ever pleasant to me. The least I can do is to return you letter for letter; but the poverty of incidents in this place won't let me pay you in kind. And yet the place entertains me, and for a while would not displease you, I fancy. We eat well, drink deep, play high, and plunder Coventry, who holds a Faro-bank to us every night; his pretty countess standing by in her prettiest attitude, smiling her sweetest, with the reddest of red and the whitest of white on her pretty face, and the silliest of notions in her silly pate. Yet, do we not all love her the more for her silliness, and is she not the best-tempered as she is the most beautiful woman in England? Her beauty wanes, however, I think, and the poor soul suffers a good deal, I fear, though her wise-dull lord takes no heed of it. But have I not said all this to you before? . . . That mad Powerscourt has been setting us laughing at breakfast this morning until we cried again. What is this story about you and a doctor? What is his name? Pratt, is it? You were seen on Monday, it appears, with Harry Fox, out Tyburn way, on the top of an unfinished house, reckless of the wind and the rain and your birthday coat, so interested were you, after your manner, in the scene below. And yet it seems—so at least the tale runs—your interest was obtained from you under something like false pretences; the criminal did not pay forfeit after all. Though he hung for an hour, the doctor revived him, and the man is still quick. What is to come of it all? Are you and the law to have your due? Is your culprit to be *sus. per coll.* over again? Is the story true? And why, dear George, in Heaven's name, have you not

writ me all about it? To think of your being hoodwinked in such a way! Fobbed off with mere play-acting! As well sit in a side-box at Covent Garden, and watch Barry, like a newly-caught sturgeon, floundering and wriggling pathetically to death on the tragedy green baize. I can fancy your demure mock-earnest lamentations that a gentleman of your position should be so shamefully bubbled. I laugh aloud as I think of it. . . . God bless you, and adieu. Write, my dear George, as soon and as often as you have leisure to remember—Your sincere friend,

GEORGE JAMES WILLIAMS.

[It may be noted that Mr Jesse, the excellent editor of the *Selwyn Correspondence*, has not included the above in his collection, probably seeing reason to question its authenticity; and that no letter from Mr Selwyn, containing any reference to the subject mentioned in the latter part of Mr Williams's letter, has yet been discovered.]

CHAPTER II.

About the middle of the last century, there lived in Great Newport Street, Soho, one Vicesimus Muspratt, who, though generally designated 'Doctor' Muspratt by his neighbours, was not, in truth, a member of the College of Physicians, and held no doctor's degree. He was a surgeon of high repute, attached to St Bartholomew's Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He had acquired distinction by the extent of his anatomical and pathological investigations, and by the production of various medical works of value. His *Treatise on the Economy of Ossification* first gained for him the consideration of his professional brethren. Other proofs of his learning and ability followed; and Muspratt *On the Membranes* was for many years a standard authority, although long since superseded by more modern and exhaustive publications. The researches and discoveries of Mr Muspratt were of note in their day, but have been necessarily displaced and distanced as surgical science has pressed forward to its present advanced position.

Mr Muspratt's lectures at St Bartholomew were well attended, and from his pupils he received large fees. Concerning his private practice, he did not much trouble himself. He was without the courtly address of the successful medical practitioner. His manner was rough and abrupt, rather from abstractedness and ignorance of worldly ways, than from any definite intention to give offence. With the general public, he was not greatly in favour. Few patients knocked at his door in Great Newport Street, and when any did so, there was a chance, unless their malady happened to have attached to it a certain surgical interest, that their coming would be resented as an intrusion. He followed his profession, indeed, far more for its own sake than for its emoluments. The money he earned he expended forthwith in the most laborious efforts to arrive at the penetralia of science, and in the collection of precious specimens and preparations illustrative of human and comparative anatomy and physiology.

Yet, when Mr Muspratt first went to live in Soho, a quarter of the town at that time justly pretending to fashion, it was probable that he had contemplated the active following of his profession both publicly and privately; had proposed to himself to journey methodically upon the road which had led so many of his colleagues to success and opulence. But he had undervalued his passion for knowledge; he had miscalculated his power of adapting himself to a situation foreign to his natural bent; he had failed to comprehend how complete a hold science had obtained upon his life. As the years went by, the attractions of his museum and dissecting-room absorbed him more and more; for intercourse with the world outside, he grew less and less fitted. His duties at the hospital accomplished, he hurried home to seclusion and study. He dressed shabbily, fed irregularly and scantily, disregarded social usages, suffered his fine house to fall into a state of dilapidation, lived a life of almost squalid isolation. But the discomforts and privations to which he subjected himself, and which to another had been matters of serious self-denial, were rather a sort of self-indulgence in the case of Mr Vicesimus Muspratt. He enjoyed his existence amongst dust and cobwebs, and begrimed ceilings and blackened wainscots, certain of finding his books and his bones, his spirit-bottles and preparations, his instruments and specimens, precisely as he had left them from day to day, in what seemed the most desperate confusion to every one else, though in his eyes it was the most admired and excellent order. It was little wonder, however, all things considered, that his neighbours viewed with astonishment his small, spare figure, most rustily clothed, with many a button-hole frayed and rent, and many a button missing altogether; his worn, scanty tie-wig, a dingy brown in hue, from lack of powder; his old black worsted stockings, and shoes without buckles, and slashed at the sides, for the greater ease of his feet; and that the children of the district called after him: 'Miser

Muspratt,' as he shuffled down the street on his way to the hospital, a crumpled, three-cornered hat pressed tight upon his forehead, shading his purblind-looking eyes; a rabbit-skin muff slung round his waist, to warm his lean, yellow hands; an ebony stick, with a knob at the top, containing a miniature vinaigrette, thrust under his arm; and his pockets distended by the manuscript notes of his lecture, and a selection of specimens for exhibition at his reading to the students of St Bartholomew's. His neighbours, and, indeed, the world generally, did not appreciate Vicesimus Muspratt; but then it should be added that he did not court appreciation, would not have gone across the road to secure it, cared for it not one straw. He asked but to be permitted to pursue his own devices. It was not so very much to ask. For fame, he valued it no more than—nay, not so much as—a dry bone.

One morning, a gentleman, fashionably dressed in fawn-coloured velvet, broadly edged with gold-lace, bag-wigged and sworded, with a feather-fringed *tricorn* under his arm, left his sedan-chair in Great Newport Street, approached, and sought admission to Mr Muspratt's house. It was not without much hesitation on the part of the doctor's servant—a crouching old woman, who half hid herself behind the street-door as she opened it—that the visitor was permitted to enter further than the hall of the house. At last, however, in answer to his urgent solicitations, backed, possibly, by some pecuniary gift, the old woman nodded her head, and pointed to an oaken door. The gentleman rapped with the agate head of his clouded cane upon the panel of the door, pushed it, entered a room, and found himself in the presence of Mr Muspratt. The intruder bowed, smiled, and extended his hand. 'I have the pleasure of speaking to the eminent and ingenious Mr Muspratt,' he said.

Mr Muspratt was seated at a very untidy writing-table. He rose, scowling (or was it that he could see better when he lowered his bulbous forehead, and glanced from under his bushy eyebrows?), and (whether by accident or design, it was not clear) misinterpreting his visitor's intention, he took the hand proffered him by the wrist, retaining it for a moment between his finger and thumb.

'The usual pulse of a man of fashion,' he said contemptuously, and he flung the hand from him—'feeble, febrile, irregular. Eat less, drink less, keep better hours, give up play, work, earn your living—if you can; at anyrate, try to—and give your constitution a chance. I've no other prescription for you, Mr Selwyn.'

'You've given me one that can't be made up, I fear; the ingredients are almost unknown. But I'm vitally obliged, Mr Muspratt.' He bowed again as he spoke.

'A disorganised digestion, a diseased liver, a ruined stomach, and the heart of—a gentleman of pleasure. Those are your complaints, Mr Selwyn.'

'I'd no notion I carried about with me so interesting a museum.'

Mr Selwyn found himself glancing at certain curious specimens in vials on the shelves over Mr Muspratt's head.

'You'd like to be put in a bottle, perhaps?' said the doctor with a grim sneer.

'It would be a just retribution, possibly; the bottle has often been put into me,' observed Mr Selwyn.

The doctor turned away scornfully. 'I have said all I've got to say. I can do no more for you, Mr Selwyn. There are some things out of which we can't make a good job, try hard as we may.'

'There are some jobs out of which we may make a good thing, however, if we try hard,' murmured Mr Selwyn.

'But it wasn't about yourself that you came,' said the doctor suddenly.

'I did myself the pleasure of calling upon you the other day at St Bartholomew's.'

'I could not attend to you. My time at the hospital is devoted to the students and my patients. If you had wanted an operation to be performed upon you'—

'Heaven forbid!' exclaimed Mr Selwyn. 'Not but that you would have performed it perfectly, I'm sure.' He bowed, and continued: 'It was not wholly, I own, Mr Muspratt, in regard to professional objects that I desired to see you. You have a vote for Gloucester.' (Mr Selwyn was the member of parliament for that city.)

'It is my native place,' said Mr Muspratt; 'but, as you know, I never go there, and I never vote. For my political opinions—if I can be said to have any—possibly you do not know that they are comprised in this: I hate a place-holder.' (Mr Selwyn, among other lucrative posts, had enjoyed for many years the sinecure of 'Clerk of the Irons, and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint'.)

Mr Selwyn bowed and smiled. 'I am indebted to you for your forbearance—you know you might have voted against me—and for your frankness. I adore frankness. I will be frank too. Pray, resume your seat. Thank you.' (The doctor had motioned an abrupt, reluctant invitation to his visitor to take a chair.) 'I'll stand for the present.' He placed on the table his hat, and cane, and gloves, and leaned gracefully against the tall mantel-piece, unconscious that, so doing, he was taking off, in dust, the impression of its carved outline upon his velvet sleeve. He was tall, and straight, and slight; his face, a long oval, very pallid; his expression curiously grave and demure, with a formal, rather drawling seriousness in his way of speaking. It was only now and then, by a furtive twinkling in his eyes, that he evidenced that his solemnity of manner was assumed, to heighten the effect of his levity of speech. It was his particular humour to talk drolly the while he was turning his eyes up, and drawing his lips down, as though he were preaching devoutly. When he looked most staid and sober, then his friends were made aware that some absurd jest was imminent.

With languid deliberation, Mr Selwyn took a pinch of snuff from a handsome box, in the lid of which, framed with diamonds, was set the enamelled portrait of an Italian songstress, in much favour at the time.

'Frankly, then, I am not here to trouble you about your vote for Gloucester city, or anything of the kind. My visit comes about in this wise,' he said. 'On Monday morning last, I happened to be at Tyburn, in the neighbourhood of the ugly contrivance there known by the vulgar as the "Three-legged Man." Certain unhappy persons had been—to quote the vulgar again—"riding

backwards up Holborn Hill." I was present while those persons paid the penalty for their misdeeds, whatever they may have been. Concerning one of the sufferers, a curious story is abroad. It is but whispered at present; it will doubtless be roared at street-corners before long, at the service of every apprentice and link-boy, shoeblack and chair-porter of them all. A recent act of parliament, in its zeal for science, has handed to the medical profession, by way of perquisite of a curious kind, the remains of the law's victims. The final officer of the legislature having done his worst, the doctors, it seems, are at liberty to do theirs. Whether that arrangement is, or not, complimentary to the faculty, I do not take upon myself to decide. Well, for purposes of autopsy and anatomy, the body of a certain malefactor, who rode to Tyburn last Monday, has come to your hands, Mr Muspratt. So I am informed. But the operator at Tyburn was unskilful; his duty was incompletely performed. In the hands of a practitioner of far greater ingenuity—need I mention your name, Mr Muspratt?—the man has revived, I should rather say has been restored to life.'

'The final officer of the legislature, as you call him, is a bungler and a brute; he knows nothing of his business. Any medical man will tell you the same.'

'Quite my view;' and Mr Selwyn looked more than ordinarily grave. 'I have always maintained that there is nothing like employing a qualified practitioner for making a sure end of a poor fellow.'

The doctor was somewhat impervious to jests; this sally fell upon him quite harmlessly. Mr Selwyn's eyes twinkled. Somehow, he seemed to enjoy the more, himself, the jokes which his auditors failed to prize, probably finding fresh matter for amusement in their obtuseness.

On a side-table stood a marble bust of Vicesimus Muspratt, presented to him some years before by admiring students of St Bartholomew's. He had not cared greatly for the gift, it seemed. It was covered with dust, in dense layers, deep in every crevice and line; resting on every, the minutest, projection. Mr Muspratt took a red wafer from the inkstand before him, and approached the bust. He wetted the wafer, and poised it for a moment on the tip of his forefinger; he then suddenly touched the marble just beneath the ear of the head, leaving the wafer sticking.

'Let the knot of your rope come *there*, and there is no hope for your man, Mr Selwyn, nor a shadow of one. Tie it anywhere else—*here—here—or here*' (he pointed to different parts of the neck), 'and you introduce an element of chance into the operation.'

'I see; it all *depends*'—

'Upon a thousand things' (the doctor went on unconscious of the quip)—'the length of the rope, the suddenness of the fall, the man's age, constitution, muscular strength, vital power, the time he may be left suspended, the means employed to restore him, the manner of cutting him down. But tie your rope *here*,' he repeated, 'and you make your man safe indeed.'

'My man? Thank you. I never contemplated operating myself, personally,' said the visitor gravely.

'You have witnessed many executions, however, Mr Selwyn.'

'I don't remember ever attending one without

having had the pleasure of seeing Mr Muspratt there also.'

'My profession, Mr Selwyn—the interests of science'—

'My dear Mr Muspratt, I ask for no explanations. I never dreamed of imputing motives, and I'm sure you will not be less forbearing in my respect.' And Mr Selwyn bowed. 'For your most lucid explanation, I am deeply indebted. For your courage in illustrating your remarks by reference to your own excellent bust—hanging yourself in effigy, as it were—I have the sincerest admiration. I shall permit myself, however, to regard your so doing only as the rehearsal of a performance which will never really take place. Science has to submit to sacrifices; may it never know such a one as that, I pray fervently.'

The doctor was not listening; he was staring at his own bust, with the red water fixed under its ear. Presently he began talking aloud abstractedly, as though he were lecturing a large, invisible audience.

'You may call it suffocation, or apoplexia. By compression of the veins, you stop the circulation; the current of blood, hindered from returning to the heart, mounts to the brain, and the patient dies. Or if the circulation be only partially interfered with, still the ligature round the thorax cuts off the supply of air from the lungs; and again, I say, the patient dies. If both operations be complete, death is inevitable; if one operation be complete, death is inevitable; if both be incomplete—if the carotid arteries be not so compressed but that the blood can circulate, and not determine wholly to the head; if the ligature round the thorax be not so effectually tightened but that some supply of air can reach the lungs—then death will not ensue otherwise than accidentally, and from extraneous causes.'

'We have then a case of suspended animation simply,' remarked Mr Selwyn, after a gape behind a jewelled hand.

'A case of suspended animation simply,' Mr Muspratt repeated gravely.

'Such as happened to one of the gentlemen I had the melancholy pleasure of seeing at Tyburn on Monday last,' said Mr Selwyn significantly.

The doctor roused himself. 'What is that man to you, sir?' he asked sharply.

Mr Selwyn regaled himself with a pinch of snuff before he replied. 'We have agreed to be frank; that's quite settled between us. Frankly, then, I desire to see again that man whom I saw, as I believed, put to death on Monday last, and whom your skilful treatment has restored to life. Why do I wish to see him, you inquire? I should like to answer you satisfactorily, if I could. If I say, like the man in the play, "because it is my humour," will that do? If I plead "the empty curiosity of an idle man," will that suffice? If I answer like a woman, "I wish it because I wish it," will you accept such an explanation? Roll all these answers into one, and then have you a sufficiently stout and good excuse for complying with my desires?'

'I should like some better reason than these.'

'Reason from a man of fashion! It was so you termed me, I think. My dear Mr Muspratt, such a remark is hardly worthy of you. For this same culprit'—

'I know nothing of him,' said the doctor sturdily.

'A fib, a fib! Nay, I will not be put off with a fib! Fie! fie! Mr Muspratt.' And the visitor, with a mock-air of reprehension, shook his forefinger at Mr Muspratt.

'I know nothing of the law,' the doctor began after a pause, during which he had moved uncomfortably in his chair.

'Do I? My dear Mr Muspratt, do me more justice. I know nothing of it; I seek to know nothing of it.'

'This wretched man, in strictness, may be doomed to suffer over again. I, who have restored him, may be bound to give him up to the proper officers. By delay in doing so, I may possibly be making myself in some way responsible to justice. It can hardly be your purpose to betray the man!'

'For whom do you take me, my dear sir? I am not Mr Jonathan Wild.'

'Yet, if you forbear to give him up, you connive at his avoidance of the law; you share my responsibility.'

'I'll take the risk,' said Mr Selwyn readily. The doctor shook his head.

'You are without my excuse. The law is nothing to me; medicine is my profession. It is a rule with us to ask no questions—to set the science of healing above everything. A patient is to me simply a patient; a man who suffers, and whom it is my duty to relieve, if I can. The nature of his malady is all I seek to know. When he is cured, he may go where he lists; he is nothing more to me. Well, this one of whom we were speaking'—

'Our Tyburn friend?' Mr Selwyn's attention had wandered a little during the doctor's speech.

'Yes; he has been to me simply a patient suffering from an accident—strangulation.'

'An accident which generally terminates fatally.'

'Yes. If you were one of the profession'—

'But I am not; it is my misfortune; it is my hourly regret. I cannot therefore ask to see your patient on that score. To presume to consult with you concerning his cure would be an impertinence to which I am absolutely unequal; still, I have a claim as a subscriber to the excellent institution which has the enormous advantage of your services.'

'I never saw your name in the list of benefactors of St Bartholomew's, Mr Selwyn.'

Mr Selwyn, with some appearance of effort—he was reputed to be loath to part with his money—drew forth his pocket-book, and flung upon the table a crumpled roll of notes. 'There,' he said, 'I have just given to the hospital a donation of twenty pounds.'

'A bribe!' cried the doctor.

'My dear sir, you misconceive me. I said distinctly, a donation to the funds of the hospital.'

The doctor hesitated. He took up the notes—weighing them in his hand irresolutely. Then he murmured: 'They would be very welcome—they would help to do great good. Does the motive matter much?'

'Now, my dear sir, may I be permitted to see your patient?'

'This is not a theatre—I am not a showman. You don't pay money here for a box to see a stage-play'—The doctor was proceeding somewhat angrily, when a door behind him opened noiselessly, and a third person entered the room.

Mr Selwyn took a pinch of snuff. 'The debate

is closed,' he said calmly; 'the ayes have it. My dear Mr Muspratt, I can never sufficiently thank you for this privilege: I can never praise highly enough your most amazing skill. Our Tyburn friend, by all that's wonderful!' And Mr Selwyn fixed his eyes upon the new-comer.

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

'PRIVILEGE! Privilege!' These were the words that greeted the ears of Charles I. as he quitted the House of Commons—'where never king was (as they say), but once King Henry VIII.'—after his bootless errand in quest of the Five Members. Speaker Lenthall had made way for him in the chair; and in answer to his command that the five members should be pointed out to him, had spoken the words which have shed a sort of historical glory round a life not otherwise illustrious: 'I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your majesty is pleased to demand of me.'

The Five Members, so obnoxious to the king that he came himself to seize them in the very sanctuary of political freedom, had been duly warned by the Countess of Carlisle, and were not in the House. The king, baffled in his attempt, said something about his assurance that the House would send him the missing five, and walked to the door. Before the door had been closed behind him, he heard repeated again and again the words which are quoted at the beginning of this article. It is proposed to consider what these words meant, and to trace their history from their first appearance to the time when their meaning was fully declared.

It is customary for the Speaker, at the opening of every parliament, to ask the sovereign to recognise the rights and privileges of the House of Commons, in a form of address which was first adopted in the sixth year of Henry VIII., and which, 'by humble petition to Her Majesty, lays claim to their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, especially to freedom from arrest and molestation of their persons and servants; to freedom of speech in debate; and free access to Her Majesty whenever occasion shall require; and that the most favourable construction should be put upon all their proceedings.' Some of these 'ancient and undoubted rights and privileges' are almost coeval with the common law, and like it are unwritten; others of them are secured by statutes, and form part of the written law of the land.

The first time that any formal demand was made for the recognition of parliamentary privilege was in the first parliament of Henry IV., when Sir John Cheyne, after being presented to the king by the Commons as their Speaker, entreated the king's forbearance on account of any faults which might thereafter be seen in him; and for his companions he asked 'qu'ils pourroient avoir leur libertee en parlement, come ils ont ewe devant ces heures; et que ceste protestation soit entree de record en Rolle de Parlement.' Upon this the Roll says that the king thought the request 'honest and reasonable,' and granted it.

The privilege first particularly mentioned in the Speaker's petition is, 'freedom from arrest and molestation of their persons and servants;' and by this is meant immunity from process and execution

issuing out of the law-courts of the kingdom, as well as from arrest upon the warrant of the king or a magistrate. It was considered so great an indignity to parliament that its members should be arrested by legal process, or assaulted by any violence; and the inconvenience of disabling a man who was a representative of so many others, and not merely a unit in the population, was considered to be so extreme, that at a very early period of its existence the House of Commons strove to establish 'privilege' in both these respects; and, as we find by reference to the first statute of privilege that was passed, they procured an extension of this privilege to their servants.

This first statute of privilege recites, 'because that Richard Chedder, Esquire, who was come to this parliament with Thomas Broke, knight, one of the knights chosen to the same parliament for the county of Somerset, and household servant with the said Thomas, was horribly beaten, wounded, blemished, and maimed by one John Salage, otherwise called John Savage; it is ordained and established that inasmuch as the same horrible deed was done within the time of the said parliament'—proclamation was to be made in the place where the deed was done; and if Savage should not surrender to the Court of King's Bench within three months, he was to pay double damages for the injury he had done, and also a fine to the king. 'And moreover it is accorded in the same parliament, that in like manner shall it be done in time to come in like case.'

By the 8 Henry VI. c. 1, the clergy of convocation and their 'servants and familiars,' are secured in the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges as the Lords and Commons of parliament; and the 11 Henry VI. c. 11, passed in consequence of the unheeded remonstrances of the House against several breaches of privilege, enacts that if any assault be made on any lord, knight of the shire, citizen, or burgess coming to parliament, 'or to the council of the king by his commandment,' the offender shall pay double damages to the party aggrieved, and a fine to the king. Although they thus protected themselves against gross common violence, the House does not seem to have established until a much later date the present measure of their privilege, which gives the members an immunity from all criminal process except in charges of treason, felony, breach of the peace, and contempts of court, which are in the nature of a crime; and even in such cases, before arrest can be properly made, the cause of it should be communicated to the House, in order that it may judge whether the offence charged be really such as to take it out of the protection of privilege.

In the 31 Henry VI., Thomas Thorp, Speaker of the House, was arrested at the suit of the Duke of York. The Commons complained, and demanded Thorp's release; the question was referred to the judges, who said that 'they ought not to answer to that question, for it hath not been used aforetime that the judges should in any wise determine the privilege of this high court of parliament, for it is so high and so mighty in its nature that it may make law, and that that is law it may make no law; and the determination and knowledge of that privilege belongeth to the lords of the parliament, and not to the justices.' They said, however, that except in cases of treason, felony, or breach of the peace, the custom had ever been to release members of parliament who had been arrested.

Notwithstanding this opinion, Thorp was kept in prison two years, and a new Speaker was chosen.

In Edward IV.'s time, the Commons tried to establish their privilege against any civil suit during the time of their session; but they had, as on several previous occasions, to pass special acts of parliament for the liberation of some of their members who had been sued; and it was not till the reign of Henry VIII. that privilege was fully established.

In 1512, occurred Strode's case. Richard Strode was member for Plympton in Devonshire, and he introduced a bill into parliament for the removal of some corruptions which had crept into the government of the Cornish tin-mines. His general measure came foul of some local interests, and John Furse, under-steward of the Stannaries, prosecuted him in the court of the warden, where he was fined L.120. This fine he refused to pay, so Furse got a warrant to arrest him, and Strode was 'taken and imprisoned in a dungeon and a deep pit under ground in the castle of Lidford,' a place which the parliamentary commissioners described as 'one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm.' He was, moreover, heavily ironed. The House of Commons took umbrage at these proceedings; set forth the facts in a petition to the king, and passed a bill which enacted 'that all suits, accusations, condemnations, executions, fines, &c. put or had, or hereafter to be put or had, unto or upon the said Richard, and to every other of the person or persons afore specified that now be of this present parliament, or that of any parliament that hereafter shall be, for any bill, speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter or matters concerning the parliament to be communed and treated of, be utterly void and of none effect.'

In 1543, George Ferrers, a member, was arrested on civil process, on his way to the House. The Commons sent their sergeant to demand his release; and when the jailers and sheriffs of London refused compliance, and also ill-treated the sergeant, they summoned the offenders, together with the plaintiff who had sued Ferrers, to the bar of the House, when they committed them to prison. In the course of the arguments which followed this act, the Commons took the ground, that 'all commandments and other acts proceeding from the nether House were to be done and executed by their sergeant without writ, only by show of his mace, which was his warrant;' and in this position they were sustained by the king.

In Mary's reign, the members who were unfavourable to the court being too few to resist, discontinued their attendance in the House, and for this they were indicted in the Queen's Bench, fined, and imprisoned. Under Elizabeth, though there were many instances of arrest for outspokenness, as will be shewn presently, there were not any proceeding upon private civil suits; but under her successor there came a case which Mr Hallam mentions as having given occasion to a statute which is 'the first legislative recognition of privilege.' Sir Thomas Shirley, a member, was arrested for debt *before the meeting of parliament*. The House claimed him, and the warden of the Fleet refused to give him up, being under the impression that if he did so he should have to pay the debt out of his own pocket. The House sent him to the Tower, and kept him there till Sir Thomas was released by order

of the king. In 1626, Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot were imprisoned on account of their conduct on the impeachment of Buckingham; and in the same year several members were imprisoned for refusing to subscribe to a general loan. In 1629, six members were flung into prison for their conduct on the occasion of Sir John Eliot's remonstrance being passed; and Sir John Eliot, Hollis, and Valentine were put upon their trial for seditious speeches uttered in parliament. In 1640, Sir John Hotham and Mr Bellasis were imprisoned for refusing to account to the council for their conduct in the House; and Crewe, the chairman of the committee on religion, was sent to the Tower for refusing to give up the petitions and complaints in his possession. Then came the attempted arrest of the Five Members—that last straw of kingly folly which broke the patient camel-back of the House of Commons. The circumstances are too well known to need repetition here; but it may be as well to notice the peculiar nature of the charge made against the members, and the peculiar method adopted to arrest them, in order better to understand the meaning of the resolutions which the House agreed to in consequence of the act.

The charge may be stated in the words of the king, taken from his speech to the House on the occasion of his coming to make the arrest. 'Yesterday I sent a sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason; whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message. And I must declare unto you here, that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power, than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege.' The specific charges of treason had been made by the Attorney-general in the House of Lords on the memorable 3d of January, and included accusations more or less connected with the conduct of the members in parliament, and also of having tampered with the army, and having invited the Scots to invade England. Mr Francis, the king's sergeant, on the same day came to the House of Commons, and demanded in his majesty's name that Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerig, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode, who were accused of high treason, should be delivered to him. The House sent a deputation to the king to say that they would consider his message with all the attention the gravity of it deserved. They adjourned till the next morning at ten, when they were to sit as a Grand Committee; and the Speaker enjoined the accused members one by one to attend *de die in diem* in the House until further direction. Next day, Charles came himself, having found his sergeant unsuccessful; and the result of his attempt is well known. The coming of the king for such a purpose was an aggravation of the outrage, for the reason given by Chief-justice Markham to Edward IV.: 'A subject may arrest for treason; the king cannot; for if the arrest be illegal, the party has no remedy against the king.' And on the motion of Sir Simonds d'Ewes in the Commons' Committee at Guildhall, it was declared a breach of privilege of parliament, and of the liberty of the subject, for any person to arrest any of the members by warrants under the king's own hand. If any of the members should be accused in a

proper, legal way, the House was careful to say it would bring them to justice; but the proper way was for some subject to accuse, and also to inform the House thereof before proceeding to arrest, in order that the House might judge as to the propriety or otherwise of the proposed arrest. 'There is a double privilege we have in parliament,' said Sir Simonds—'the one final, the other temporary. Our final privilege extends to all civil causes and suits in law, and this continues during the parliament; the other privilege, which is temporary, extends to all capital causes, as treason or the like, in which the persons and goods of the members of both Houses are only freed from seizure till the Houses be first satisfied of their crimes, and so do deliver their bodies up to be committed to safe custody.'

On the 21st December 1670, Sir John Coventry, a member of the House, was waylaid in Pall Mall by some officers of the Guards and their friends, who wounded him severely, slit his nose, and otherwise disfigured him. The reason for this cowardly act was, that in a question of supply, it had been proposed that a tax should be levied upon playhouses, to which proposal the courtiers objected, saying that the king took his pleasure in them, and would the House tax the king's pleasure? Upon this, Sir John Coventry rose and asked whether his majesty's pleasure lay in the actors or the actresses; and this witticism being repeated from one to another, the Guards' officers got to hear it, and set upon Sir John in the manner described, 'in order to teach him better manners.' Parliament, however, took a very unfavourable view of their proceedings, and the 22 and 23 Car. II. c. 1, was passed, called an Act to prevent malicious Maiming and Wounding.

The members of the House of Commons at one time claimed the privilege of being exempted from all civil suits, on the ground that they must not be distracted from their duties in parliament; and so early as the time of Edward II., they sent writs of *supersedens* to the justices in cases where any of their members were parties to actions. In James I.'s time, suits were stayed by a letter from the Speaker to the justices; and this practice continued down to the end of the seventeenth century, when it was found to be so inconvenient, and to be the cause of so much obstruction to justice, that the 12 and 13 Will. III. c. 3, was passed, authorising suits against privileged persons in the courts at Westminster and those of the Duchy of Lancaster, to be instituted immediately after the dissolution or prorogation of parliament, till the meeting of the next parliament, and during any adjournment for more than fourteen days. The 11 Geo. II. c. 24, extended this right to suits in any court of record; and 10 Geo. III. c. 50, and subsequent acts, went still further, by providing that members of parliament might be coerced by any legal means in civil suits, by which other people might be coerced, excepting only that they should not be liable to arrest or imprisonment. In this act of George III. the servants of members were not included, so that without any formal declaration of the fact, privilege of parliament was thenceforth lost to them.

The duration of privilege has never been ascertained by statute; but it seems, from the reports of several decided cases, that immemorial usage has fixed it at forty days before, and forty days after each session. Originally, it was intended that

privilege should be in force sufficient time to allow of members coming to and going from their business in parliament.

Such contempts of court as are in the nature of a criminal offence, tending to a breach of the peace, &c. are not covered by privilege. In 1836, Mr Lechnere Charlton, member for Ludlow, and a barrister, appeared as counsel in a case which was to be heard before Mr Brougham, then Master in Chancery. After the case had been part heard, Mr Charlton sent a letter to Master Brougham, challenging some of his opinions, and threatening him in case of his refusal to alter them. Lord Chancellor Cottenham sent Mr Charlton to the Fleet, and a committee of privileges reported to the House, that in their opinion Mr Charlton was not protected by privilege of parliament. In 1831, Mr Long Wellesley, a member, carried off his infant daughter, a ward of Chancery, from the keeping of the guardians appointed by the court; and refusing to declare whither he had taken her, though asked in open court, was committed to the Fleet, for contempt.

The exceptions of treason, felony, or breach of the peace, for which members were ever held liable to arrest if pursued in the right way, were extended by a resolution of the Commons in 1641 to all indictable offences; in 1697, to forcible detainers and entries; and in 1763, on the occasion of John Wilkes's seizure, to printing and publishing seditious libels.

The right of 'freedom of speech in debate' is coeval with the foundation of parliament, and instances of interference with it are nearly as ancient. Richard Haxey, in the time of Richard II., was a member of parliament, and in that capacity said that the excessive charges of the king's household ought to be diminished, 'arising from the multitude of bishops and ladies who are there maintained at his cost.' The king was very angry, and demanded that Haxey should be given up to him. The Commons surrendered him, and his life was saved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who claimed him as a clerk, 'not of right, but of royal grace.'

In the 33 Henry VI., Thomas Young, member for Bristol, was seized by the king, because of a motion he had brought forward, 'that the king having no issue, the Duke of York be declared heir.' But these were in troublous times. Henry VII., when advised to notice the conduct of More (afterwards Sir Thomas More) in recommending the House to refuse a subsidy required by the king for his daughter Margaret's dowry, declined to touch him, being unwilling 'to infringe the ancient liberties of that House, which would have been odiously taken.' Henry VIII. seems to have equally respected the privileges of parliament. In Mary's time, 'the French ambassador says several members of parliament were imprisoned for freedom of speech.'

Under Elizabeth, there are abundant instances of breach of privilege in the matter of speech. Paul Wentworth was imprisoned for his language in a debate upon the Succession question; Strickland for his bill on liturgical reform; Bell was reprimanded by the council for his bill against monopolies; Peter Wentworth was committed for sketching out a plan of civil and religious freedom—he refused to plead before the Star Chamber, and was released by the House of Commons. Later on, Peter Wentworth was again in trouble with three

other members, for meddling with church affairs; and Morrice was imprisoned for having brought forward a motion against the abuses of the High Commission. This was in 1593, the year in which the Lord Keeper, when opening parliament, told the Commons: 'Liberty of speech is granted you, but you must know what privilege you have, not to speak every man what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter; but your privilege is "aye" or "no." The House acted in most of these cases as became its dignity, and the queen always yielded in time to avoid any serious conflict. Her successor was not so prudent, and was more violent, and besides imprisoning some of the leading members, he had the hardihood to erase with his own hand, from the Journal of the House, the famous protestation of 18th December 1621, which asserted 'that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England.'

The principal affront offered to parliament in the succeeding reign has been already noticed, and the greater contains the many less. The ninth article of the Bill of Rights declares 'that freedom of speech and debate on proceedings in parliament ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of parliament'; and in 1668, the House of Lords had already reversed the judgment of the Court of King's Bench given in 1641, against Sir John Eliot, Mr Hollis, and Mr Valentine, in the last case where freedom of speech was directly impeached.

Privilege, although it covers anything spoken in the House, does not cover published speeches; and it has been held that where a newspaper published an incorrect report of a speech delivered in the House, and the member corrected his speech, which was then republished, he was liable to be sued in damages for a libel contained in the speech, although it had been delivered in parliament.

Free access to the sovereign, the third privilege claimed for the Commons by the Speaker, means free access for the whole House collectively only, and not for the members individually. This latter privilege is enjoyed by Peers, as members of the sovereign's grand council.

Breaches of privilege may be many; an enumeration of some of them will best point out those heads of privilege which rest not so much upon statutory declarations as upon the *lex non scripta* of parliament.

1. It is breach of privilege to notice anything which is passing in the House, as when Elizabeth sent an order forbidding the Commons to proceed with the bill on religion; when she reprimanded them for a bill against purveyance; when James I. ordered the House not to go on with the bill for enforcing the recusancy laws; and when Charles I., by the Lord Keeper, directed the Commons not to meddle in charges against the Duke of Buckingham.

2. It is a breach of privilege to print or publish anything relating to the proceedings of either House without leave of the House; but although the daily reports of the newspapers are consequently within this rule, the House, for obvious reasons, forbears to notice them so long as they are faithful accounts of what has been said and done in the House. When, however, the report is unfaithful or untrue, the House may take notice of it as a breach of privilege, and commit the wrong-doer to

custody. Such a step was taken in 1801 against the publisher of one of the daily papers. On the other hand, it was held, up to the beginning of the present reign, that privilege did not protect from an action for libel a person who published parliamentary proceedings, and who in doing so published a libel, which so long as it did not go beyond the walls of the House, was covered by the privilege of the place. An action having been sustained against Messrs Hansard on this account, the 3 and 4 Vict. c. 9, was passed to give summary protection to persons publishing by order of the House; and a certificate from the Speaker of such order having been given, would now stop a suit.

3. It is a breach of privilege to publish evidence taken before a select committee until it has been reported to the House; to challenge a member; to offer him a bribe; to tamper with witnesses; to misrepresent a member; to speak or write insulting words about the character or proceedings of parliament; to disobey the general or particular orders of either House; to interfere with the officers of either House in the discharge of their duty; to threaten members—as in 1827, when H. C. Jennings wrote to Mr Secretary Peel, and threatened to contradict his speeches from the gallery; to summon a member on a jury, or to serve him with a *sub-pœna*. The exemption from jury service and *sub-pœnas* rests upon the supposition, that members must be always attending to their duties in parliament; but if asked to give evidence in a case, a member might be compelled to give it by order of the House.

The method by which the House enforces its orders is by a warrant under the Speaker's hand to the sergeant-at-arms, who may even break doors to secure his prisoner, though he must not get admission to an intended prisoner's house, and wait till the owner comes. The Lords can imprison for a fixed time, but the Commons only to the end of the session, and prisoners in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms are liberated by the mere fact of the termination of the session. When a person is committed to custody by the House, he cannot be discharged by the judges, nor can the court inquire into the cause of commitment, nor into the form of it, though it may be objectionable on the ground of informality.

Breach of privilege is purged by submission to the mercy of the House, an act which, according to custom, must be done in person, on the offender's knees, at the bar of the House.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO FIND THEMSELVES FAMOUS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IN the case of most professions which persons propose to themselves to follow, they take some pains to ascertain what it will require of them, or, at all events, comply with the initiatory Regulations which that calling has laid down. When a man determines on being a barrister, for instance, he is not so foolish as to imagine that he has only to buy a wig at second-hand, and stand at the corner of Chancery Lane in an attitude of expectancy. There are sureties, and examinations, and dinners, and benchers, and all sorts of animate and inanimate obstacles to be surmounted before he can

assume that position; and he makes himself acquainted with their nature, and overcomes them if he can. But I am sorry to say that those ladies and gentlemen who condescend to favour editors with their lucubrations, often do not think it necessary to pay any attention to the rules—simple as they are—laid down by the periodical to which they aspire to contribute.

A young gentleman, possessed, as he imagines, of a light and pleasant vein of satire, has dashed off in a moment of inspiration an essay, which he decides upon sending to the *Westminster Review*. Setting aside the manifest unsuitability of the matter to the proposed channel—for that is a consideration but very rarely entertained—what shall we think of this gentleman's intelligence when we find him addressing his manuscript to the '*Westminster Magazine*?' Nay—what is of more consequence—what must the editor think of it before he breaks the seal of that misdirected document? Can he augur well of the judgment, the carefulness, or even the trustworthiness of a person who has not even troubled himself to discover the proper address of the serial in whose columns he wishes to appear? Moreover, even an editor is human, and does not like that which he conducts to be misalled; he resents it as he would resent any one giving him the name of another man. What surpassing ignorance not to know that his periodical is not a magazine, but a *Review*! Thus, to begin with, the young gentleman has not conciliated his editor. If the contents of the manuscript did not happen to be as inappropriate as their address, the author would have already somewhat diminished his chances of success; and I think deservedly.*

Again, most magazines have some simple regulations addressed to contributors, and printed in every number; they are very easy to comply with, and if not complied with, contributors (doubtless unconsciously) give a world of trouble and some expense. I allude to 'writing upon one side of the page only,' 'placing their name and address upon the manuscripts themselves,' 'enclosing stamps for retransmission;' &c. These are little things, but those who neglect them exhibit great folly, and have nobody to blame but themselves if all their labour goes for nothing, and their papers into the wastebasket. It is the troublesome conduct of these foolish persons which has caused many magazines to publish a statement that they will not return rejected manuscripts *at all*! We consider this, however, a harsh and unjustifiable step;† for the trouble and expense of returning papers—supposing the above regulations are complied with—are very small in comparison with the loss thus occasioned to the author. Of course, the rejoinder—'We don't *want* his writings; we can do without

the one possibly available contributor out of the hundred incompetents'—is unanswerable. But it is also rather Brutal, and does not speak well for the refining qualities of editorial pursuits. However, we may say in confidence, that the bite of these Unremitting Gentry is not so bad as their bark. They *do* return manuscripts—sent with proper precautions—although, to defend themselves from the incursion of a crowd of foolish folk, they print the terrible words, *Rejected papers cannot be returned*: just as a landed proprietor puts up his notice-board of *Man-traps and Spring-guns* in some beautiful spot he wishes to be sacred from Excursionists, but which, if you respectfully request permission to view, leaving your card in the usual manner, you will be treated with courtesy, even if not actually admitted. It would, however, it must be confessed, be much more honest, as well as dignified, if these magazine notices were made to run thus: 'We receive no volunteer contributions at all.' At present, they imply that, though they make use of any possible advantage that the volunteer system may confer, they decline all its responsibilities and duties.

Large as is the class of would-be contributors who exhibit such gross carelessness as I have described, there is another section, almost as large, who err in what may be called the opposite direction. Instead of not taking pains to make themselves acquainted with the style and nature of the periodical they favour with their attentions, they take a great deal too much pains. They seek out such individuals as may be the common friends of the editor, or even of the proprietor, and send their manuscripts through their hands, instead of by the usual channel. They could scarcely make a greater mistake; for, taking an extreme case—what they would call 'the best' case—namely, that they themselves are the private friends of the editor, and that upon that ground they (more or less) claim to be his contributors, what an invidious position are they placing him in! Their contributions must be either fit for insertion or unfit. If the former, why is it necessary to remind the editor of the private acquaintance which happens to exist between themselves and him? If the latter, they are simply endeavouring to make him act contrary to his conscience, and to the interest of his employers and the public. Mr Thackeray's stereotyped reply to such applications, while he conducted the *Cornhill*, was: 'My dear sir' (or madam, as the case might be), 'editors have no friends.' Of course, private friends of editors have as much right to contribute to his periodical as any other folk, but they should forward their proposed contributions as others do; and when rejected, instead of making it a matter of huff and quarrel (as they often do), they ought to be well aware that the fault must lie wholly with themselves, since it is only reasonable to suppose, had it been a case of doubt—whether or not the article in question should be accepted—friendship would have turned the scale in their favour. What a lesson is read to this class of would-be contributors

* This carelessness in the matter of addressing a manuscript is not made more venial by an accompanying note stating that the writer has been a subscriber to 'your esteemed periodical' for a quarter of a century.

† In the case of newspapers, this rule is of course not only excusable, but necessary.

in the life of the late Miss Procter, who, though an intimate friend of Mr Dickens, never sent her charming poems to his periodical in her own name, or written in her own hand, lest she should cause him embarrassment in rejecting them.

It cannot be too emphatically stated that, in the case of any well-conducted magazine, intrinsic merit is the sole thing that causes a paper to be accepted. If it is not well conducted, personal acquaintance may have its weight, of course; but that magazine is not destined to be long-lived. The reasons which writers put forward for the acceptance of their papers, independent of literary merit, are almost incredible. One writes that he is only just sixteen, and although he is aware he is not fully master of the principles of prose composition, he hopes his youth may be taken into account. A mother forwards a contribution from her offspring, written before he has attained his tenth year. A young lady takes the liberty of enclosing 'a fragment recently thrown off by her grandfather [as if he was suffering from ossification], who is actually in his ninetieth year.' Now, however interesting these lucubrations may appear to those who are aware of the circumstances under which they are composed, unless they are in themselves meritorious (which they are not), they have necessarily no chance of being accepted. The general public cares nothing about such phenomena, even if it could be persuaded to believe in the statements aforesaid. Similarly, the plea of poverty is totally idle and irrelevant, when it is used for this purpose. A case of genuine distress may be a reason why the editor (if he can afford it) should send his guinea by return of post; but the manuscript, unless it has something else to recommend it, must be sent back with it; otherwise, the editor has performed an act of charity indeed, but at his proprietor's expense, and perhaps to the serious depreciation of the thing committed to his charge. It is scarcely necessary to add that this plea is not bettered by the fact of it being made on behalf of another person or object than the actual contributor. Clergymen's wives sometimes demand for their lucubrations admittance upon the ground that the chancel of their church is under repair, and money is wanted to pay for it. Quite a number of persons claim to be accepted contributors upon the ground that they have 'subscribed' to 'your interesting periodical' from its earliest commencement. Warnings against folly of this sort will doubtless be considered superfluous by many who read this paper, but that is only because they are not editors.

Some young gentlemen are good enough to write that they purpose to become contributors, but beg that they may be favoured by return of post with congenial topics to write about. They don't know the style of articles suitable for your columns. These are extreme cases of stupidity; but it is extraordinary what little care is taken, even by otherwise sensible writers, to assimilate their productions to the description of articles usually found in the desired channel of publication. I dare say *Punch* receives plenty of theological disquisitions, and the *Mechanic's Magazine* a good many indifferent jokes.

With respect to this choice of subjects, it is, first of all, necessary that a writer should know his own mind; what style—grave or gay, cynical or didactic, graceful or learned—is most suited to his genius or acquirements. No editor can tell him that. If,

however, the writer is young, it is probable (unless he writes very dismal poems, chiefly on Memory and the Past) that his style will be lively. Let him beware, then, of taking for genuine humour what is only flippancy, and for wit what is mere 'comic writing'—a very different thing. A continued effort to be 'smart' is only too perceptible in the early productions of this class of persons. If they have really anything in them, however, this fault soon disappears; and he who can drop all vulgarity, and yet reflect his own high spirits in his contributions, will not be long among the 'rejected.' As to literary advice, it cannot be expected that editors should accord it to all who make application; and to give reasons for rejection is, as a general rule, out of the question. The term 'unsuitable' must be translated according to the fancy of the writer who has earned it: it would not be good-manners to write 'rubbish' outside a rejected paper instead of 'with thanks.' On the other hand, in my own early days, I have had many a helping-hand in the way of advice and criticism stretched out to me by editors of whom, personally, I knew nothing. Literary men have their jealousies, but they are for the most part a very kindly race. If it were not a breach of confidence, I could name more than one still living editor who, in return for the very considerable trouble I cost them, gave the most patient attention, the most useful suggestions, and, above all, wrote words of encouragement such as were the very life-blood of a young writer. They touched my trembling ears with praise that seemed divine. To One, in particular, an author dear to all who speak the English tongue, am I grateful; and not for my own sake alone. I know from personal experience as his contributor how kind and painstaking he was; how prompt to give the precious pearl of praise; how loath to censure, and graceful and considerate even in that. But it was only when I became an editor myself, that I discovered how extensive was the practice of his benevolence. Again and again have young contributors called upon me—very poor folk some of them—and in course of talk they have produced from their breast-pocket, carefully hoarded there, a letter—worn by age, like a holy relic often kissed—the handwriting of which was familiar to me also. 'That was a letter he wrote to me himself,' says the poor fellow, flushing with pride, as some private soldier might wear his scarlet in his cheek when he narrates a pleasant word or two spoken to him by his commander-in-chief on some occasion. How well I knew those sensible, kind, hopeful words; and yet the man who wrote them, as he had once done to me, and is now doing to scores of others, could ill 'spare the time,' as the world phrases it; and every sentence so written in the cause of human fellowship, and for the love of his own calling, but yet, as it is called, 'for nothing,' might have been exchanged for gold. Such an example should shame meaner men into some sense of duty; and I hope it was not altogether thrown away upon myself.

The responsibility of an editor is certainly very considerable; and he should at least remember the days when he was but a contributor himself, and not a faultless one. On the other hand, as I have said, he cannot give advice to every one; although there are cases of literary promise which it is his bounden (moral) duty to encourage. Sometimes, again, though rarely, he is called upon to discourage. 'I am very poor,' writes a humble

contributor, evidently without talents; 'tell me candidly, from the enclosed specimen of my composition, whether I shall ever make my living by literature, or had I better give it up, and take to some less intellectual but more suitable calling.' The truth must then be told. Sometimes, instead of this reply (although so urgently requested) being taken in good part, the recipient, who has only made a pretence of humility, gets exceedingly wroth. Mr Thackeray once related to me an editorial experience of this kind, which had occurred to him on his first taking the *Cornhill*. Some young gentleman had forwarded to him, with almost a bushel-basket full of manuscripts, a letter setting forth his social position; 'very small means,' 'others dependent upon him,' &c. The kindly editor spent half a morning in wading through the papers, but found no grain of wheat among the chaff. He accordingly sat down and indited quite a long epistle of the admonitory sort, honestly exhorting his correspondent to give up literature, for which he was manifestly unqualified, and to take up with some less ambitious calling. In return for this, he got the most insolent and vituperative letter it is possible to imagine, hinting very broadly that he, Thackeray, had attained his own position 'at the top of the ladder' (I remember that very graceful trope) by luck, or a worse method, and that his (the writer's) fondest hope was one day to see him found out, and at the bottom again. The author of *Vanity Fair* must have smiled very grimly over that composition, which had a great deal more 'go' in it than had the rejected papers. Thus, you will observe, the relative position of editor to contributor is not always that of the Wolf to the Lamb, but sometimes *vice versa*.

A short private letter (a long one is worse than nothing) may, however, with advantage be forwarded along with a first manuscript: at least, I know it never did my contributors any harm. And where the question is asked, Shall I go on writing or not? the answer should not be too decidedly 'No,' unless, as in the above case, the grounds for it are certain. A first manuscript is almost always full of faults. Perhaps I was somewhat tender-hearted for an editor; but there is too great a disposition, I fancy, on the part of established literary persons, to discourage young beginners, and to warn them off the paths of literature. Walter Scott's saying about the danger of trusting to that profession solely, instead of using it as a walking-stick—a mere assistance—has passed into a proverb, but it has not the significance now that it had in his day. Only a very few even of qualified persons could then hope to gain a subsistence by their pen, whereas it now affords a fair income to hundreds; and yet the remark is thrown at youthful aspirants as much as ever. It was Lockhart's custom to temporise with young people of this sort. 'You must go and fill your basket, sir,' used to be his stereotyped reply; a very wise one, but unsatisfactory enough to one who was desirous to fill his stomach on the instant.

I have said that a private letter can do no harm; but I do not say the same of a personal visit. The time of editors is much taken up, and whatever requires to be stated can be written far more briefly than it can be spoken. I am not philosopher enough to deny, indeed, that the visit of a lovely young lady may incline one to think twice before telling her that her *Lines to a Faded Lily* (or to

anything else) are sad nonsense, but I put in my protest against the system. If the magazine is an illustrated one, and she will sit for a wood-cut, that is another matter.

THE GOOD WATERS.

(LES EAUX BONNES.)

THE traveller arriving at Pau sees stretched out before him the long line of the Pyrenees, from November to April clothed in radiant snow; for in this happy climate there are few days on which they are not lighted up by the life-giving sun.

There, all is peace and solitude, a land of dreams—dreams which are destined to be realised; for when that veil of virgin purity falls before the all-conquering sun, who can tell of the wondrous beauty there revealed; of the leafy glades whither the quivering sunlight steals; of sparkling rivulets rippling amongst mossy stones and masses of rock, fallen ages ago from the mountains above; of rushing cataracts, dashing down pine-clad rocks, the water broken in its fall into showers of liquid diamonds; whilst curious rock-plants and mountain flowers, unknown in the plain—the tall saxifrage, the blue iris, and bluer gentian, the golden arnica, and scarlet mountain-rose, and an endless variety of ferns and delicate lace-like mosses—clothe with undying verdure these solitudes; seen only by the shepherd guiding his flock, or the adventurous tourist, who, gazing on these silvan scenes, feels his longing for the perfection of beauty satisfied.

As the Spring advances, and the ranges of lower hills interposed between Pau and the mountains become covered with the tender green of spring, the snowy peaks look still more enchanting, their aspect ever changing as the hours wear on; in the early morning, sharply cut out against the deep blue sky; and as evening approaches, partially screened from view by gossamer-like wreaths of mist, or the rosy clouds of sunset.

But now Summer is come, and on the first of June, Pau sends the guests she has sheltered in her warm embrace during the winter to the dreamland they have gazed on so long and so wistfully.

To the Good Waters (les Eaux Bonnes) is a four hours' drive through the plain, and then by a gentle ascent till the beautiful valley of Ossau is entered at Louvie, from which there is no issue until the village of Laruns is reached, where two roads branch off, one through the ravine that leads to the Eaux Chaudes, the other by a toilsome ascent to the Eaux Bonnes. Here the traveller finds himself in an elegant little town, fairly shut in by mountains on all sides. The hotels and houses, most of them constructed within the last twenty years, and, of course, entirely out of keeping with the surrounding scenery, are built round three sides of the 'English Garden,' a kind of tiny park, where the strangers pass most of their time. The ladies, in bright-coloured costumes, sit in groups at their embroidery, under the trees; the gentlemen hover round them, making themselves agreeable, or pair off to play chess, or read; while troops of merry children gambol about on the green turf, and the strains of a very tolerable band of musicians enliven the scene. The two principal occupations are, however, 'drinking' and making excursions. It is a strange fact, that whilst the mineral waters of

England seem every day falling more and more into disrepute and neglect, the reputation of those on the continent, and particularly that of the Pyrenean waters, increases year by year: is it a caprice of fashion, or have the foreign waters indeed more highly curative powers? The Eaux Bonnes, twenty years since,* was but a poor village; its waters frequented only by persons in the immediate neighbourhood, with from time to time a noble visitor from Paris: now its guests during the season amount to between four and five thousand, all of whom come to drink at the healing spring, which is considered by French doctors as a specific for consumption, if the disease be attacked in time, and a grand renovator of the system in general. Morning and afternoon, a continual procession of persons, a bottle of sirup of gum in one hand, and a graduated glass for measuring the quantity of water to be taken in the other, go up to drink, the *Etablissement*, or pump-rooms, being situated at the top of the village, immediately at the foot of the Butte du Trésor, the rock from which the water gushes. Pashas from Constantinople, Russian nobles, French statesmen and financiers, a sprinkling of English, Spanish of high rank; archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, and nuns; men of the world, drooping young wives, and delicate girls and children, all alike come to seek renewed strength and health from this life-giving spring.

The waters of Eaux Bonnes differ very considerably from all others in the Pyrenees. They have been of late years carefully analysed by eminent French chemists, and well may the uninitiated stand amazed at the wonderful combination, prepared in nature's laboratory in the depths of the mountains; nor is it less wonderful that neither the quality nor temperature (thirty-three degrees Centigrade) of the waters has ever been known to vary. They are certainly extremely efficacious if given appropriately, and equally the reverse if misapplied; so that their effects require to be carefully watched by the doctors, of whom there are generally six or seven, including the government inspector, resident during the season. The treatment extends over a period of twenty-one days, during which the dose of water, always qualified by some calming *tisane*, or sirup, is gradually increased from a table-spoonful to three or four glasses a day, according as the patient is able to support it.

The Empress Eugénie passed 'a season' here in the years 1860 and 1861, and with her usual perspicacity saw what was wanting, and caused many improvements to be made in the neighbourhood of the *Etablissement*, particularly a level walk, so desirable for a class of persons who breathe with difficulty. This Promenade de l'Impératrice is cut along the side of the mountain for a distance of two miles, and is the commencement of the new road lately made through the mountains to Cauterets. The Promenade Horizontale, at the lower end of the village, is also, as its name indicates, an easy road for the invalids: it winds for a mile and a half along the face of the mountains that rise above the ravine of the Eaux Chaudes, and commands a delightful view of the Vallée d'Ossau and the lofty peaks above. It is the fashionable resort after the dinner-hour, which, in the interests of their patients, the doctors have fixed at five o'clock. Though gentlemen who come

to this place are supposed to be invalids, the temptation of getting a shot at a bear or an izard, the chamois of the Pyrenees, often proves too great a temptation to be resisted; and shooting-parties are daily formed, under the direction of the guides of the Eaux Bonnes, who are by far the most picturesque and interesting of its inhabitants. They are hardy, well-formed men, and wear the becoming costume of the country, which consists of a round, flat, blue woollen cap, called *béret*, from under which the hair, cut short in front, escapes in long curls on the neck; a white, quaintly-cut woollen waistcoat, with bright scarlet jacket, hangs loosely over one shoulder; dark-coloured velvet tights, confined round the waist by a long red sash; and white hand-knitted woollen stockings, without feet, and terminating in a kind of frill, which falls over the shoe. This simple but elegant costume is admirably adapted to the climate, and is seen to advantage amongst the dark pines and gray rocks of this mountain region.

A few weeks since, a she-bear and her cub were seen a little above Gabas, the last village before reaching the Spanish frontier, and a hunting-party was formed. The old one received a wound, but rolled down a precipice, and could not be tracked; the cub was killed, brought to the Eaux Bonnes in a little cart, promenaded round the town, supported by sticks in a sitting posture, and wearing a crown of flowers on his shaggy head. The izard is extremely shy, and it is rare to get a shot at it without encamping for some days in the mountain. One was, however, killed some days since by the son of a celebrated French marshal. The pretty animal was brought into the town, his four legs tied together by the red sash of one of the mountaineers, and carried between two of them on a pole. The successful young hunter, in suit of velvet, accompanied by his mother and sisters, preceded his prize to the Hôtel de France, where, having been admired by the one hundred and fifty guests, it was delivered into the hands of the cook for the next day's dinner.

The fête of the Eaux Bonnes is St John's Day, when the peasants come in from the neighbouring villages, and the traveller has an opportunity of seeing the Ossaloise dances: anything more picturesque would be difficult to find in this nineteenth century. The evening before the fête, half-a-dozen stout peasants, in their brilliant costume, come, preceded by violin and pipe, up the town, stopping now and then on the way to dance the *saut basque*, and distribute little bouquets to all who offer a few sous or a silver piece to *faire la fête*. The morning's religious services having been duly performed, the blind fiddler—a fine jolly old fellow—and his companion, who plays a shepherd's pipe, and with a short stick in his left hand, beats the time on the strings of a kind of mandoline—take up their station on the Place du Gouvernement. A half-circle is formed round them; first a man, then a young girl, then another man, the rest girls, to the number of ten or a dozen, all wearing a bright scarlet capulet, a kind of hood cut square, falling over the shoulders to the waist. The hair is plaited into one tress, tied at the end by bright tassels, and hangs down the back, escaping from a little close cap without border, worn under the capulet. A gold heart and cross hang round the neck; the chemise is gathered in by a string, but left a little open in front: a bright bodice, edged with gold lace; short jacket; and blue petticoat,

* Although known as early as the reign of Francis I.

thickly plaited like a Scotch kilt; with stockings ending in a frill, complete the costume.

The dance is performed with the greatest gravity; no smile is seen on the lips, not a word is spoken, the dancer never looks his partner in the face, keeping his eyes fixed on the evolutions of his feet, except every now and then, when he turns towards her and springs into the air with a goat-like caper and wild cry; and so the ring, in measured cadence, moves round and round the musicians. This monotonous gyration continues for six or seven minutes, till the music comes to an end with a shake and a flourish. After a few minutes' repose, the next girl takes the place of honour at the top of the dance, and they go on again; always the same music and the same gyrations, till the evening begins to close in, when the men and women form separate groups, and affectionately leaning on each other, singing *le chant du départ*, regain their homes. These fêtes pass with the greatest decorum; a draught of wine circulates from time to time amongst the men and the musicians; but there is no excess, no eating, all having taken their frugal morning meal before the dancing begins, and their supper being prepared for them by the 'old folks' left at home.

But it is at the feast of Laruns, the last village in the valley of Ossau, at the foot of the ravine in which the Eaux Bonnes is situated, that the people are seen to the best advantage. The artist who is seeking new subjects for his canvas, cannot do better than come on August 15th, the feast of the Assumption, and, sitting in the old church porch, watch these simple villagers and mountaineers come in to their devotions—aged men in their curiously plaited and embroidered hooded cloaks, each leaning, like the patriarch, on his staff, worship in silence; ancient women, sun-burnt and weather-beaten, covered from head to foot in a white serge blanket, sewn up at one end so as to form a hood, kneel, rosary in hand, on the bare stones; young mothers leading children who look as if they had walked out of one of Holbein's pictures, stop to take the holy-water, and teach the little ones to make the sign of the cross; with now and then a youthful heiress,* distinguished by her costume, entirely of red cloth, relieved by a white muslin apron—a dress very similar to that worn by the 'Red Maids' (an ancient public school) in the city of Bristol. When all have entered, the church is full of white, red, and black capulets, worn by the widows; the men gather round the sanctuary, and chant the Latin vesper psalms alternately with the women. It is a scene that takes one back beyond the middle ages; and to persons fresh from London or Paris, must seem like a dream.

A visit is generally paid by the temporary resident at Eaux Bonnes to a singular and interesting personage living at the little village of Bages, about two miles distant on the mountain-side—Gaston Sacaze, a peasant of a very ancient family, having in his possession a marriage-contract of one of his ancestors, a small landholder like himself, of the ninth century. He is a self-taught botanist and geologist, and has a fine collection of fossil sea-shells, found on these mountains, some of species now extinct, others identical with those still seen on the shore of the ocean at Biarritz; and also a great number of antediluvian specimens, most

interesting to the geologist, who would be richly repaid for his trouble by a visit to this singular region, where the miner, in opening new passages between the rocks, has laid bare the secrets of an earlier world. This grand old man, who has never left his native mountains, stands before you in his simple costume of undyed wool, and with the manners of a perfect gentleman, discourses with you on these learned subjects, whilst he turns over the leaves of the numerous albums in which he has not only made a collection of the flora of the Pyrenees, but painted each flower opposite the specimen. He is a member of several learned societies, and receives a pension of twenty-four pounds from the government, to whom, at his death, his museum will be given up.

For those who are able to enjoy the pure air and mountain-rides, the Eaux Bonnes is a pleasant place wherein to spend a summer month. It retains a great deal of its ancient simplicity, but strangers are made to pay rather dearly for the entertainment they receive. The best rooms let at twenty-five francs (one pound) a day in the height of the season—that is, from the 15th of July to the 15th of August; before and after those dates, rooms are much more reasonable—from three to six francs a day. The *table-d'hôte* is always the same—eight to ten francs for breakfast *à la fourchette* and dinner. Many persons return year after year for the period of their natural lives. The French minister of finance, M. Achille Fould, always spends a month here; and the late Duke de la Rochefoucauld came for the last thirty years of his life, and died last winter at a very advanced age.

Many take away with them pleasant memories and thankful hearts for the benefit they have received from these 'Good Waters'; others, alas! come too late for aught but to rest for ever on the green mountain-side.

A SCOTTISH BEEF-AND-MUTTON TOUR.

SOME years ago, a book was published, entitled *Notes on the Construction of Sheep-folds*, which is said to have been eagerly purchased by some of our northern sheep-farmers, and to have been thrown aside by them in disgust, when they discovered that it referred entirely to matters ecclesiastical. As possibly, since that hoax was perpetrated, our rural friends have been shy of professional book-buying, we wish to tell them that we have lately been reading a book* called *Field and Fern, or Scottish Flocks and Herds*, about which there is no deception. The author appears to have visited nearly every flock and herd of celebrity between Maidenkirke and Unst—the most northerly of the Shetlands—and he has embodied the results of his travels in two volumes, which are brimming over with information, not merely about short-horns and doddies, and Galloways, and Cheviots, and Leicesters, but on all sorts of collateral topics, such as timber-planting, draining, poultry-breeding, salmon-fishing, otter-hunting, racing, and coursing; so that the reader gets a clear insight into the present state of North Britain in these important respects.

Until he reads such a book as this, the dweller in towns is scarcely able to realise the amount of

* If she is to 'inherit' only a cottage, she bears this designation.

* *Field and Fern, or Scottish Flocks and Herds.* By H. H. Dixon. London: Rogerson and Tuxford, Mark Lane Express Office.

bullock-worship which prevails in the United Kingdom. The ox is regarded among our farmers and graziers with as much awe and reverence as he is among the Hindus. But there is this essential difference between the eastern and western modes of adoration: the Hindus are not too careful of the well-being of their bullocks; those which draw their hackeries are often half-starved, and covered with sores; but nothing would induce their owners to kill them; and as for eating them after death, we know that the bare suggestion of such an enormity excited a mutiny which hurled John Company from his throne. Now, the English ox-worshippers treat their idol with the utmost tenderness and solicitude; they feed him on the choicest of food, but they do not hesitate to slaughter him, and, what seems still more dreadful, they do not scruple to sit down and eat him afterwards, all the while speaking of him in terms of the most affectionate regard. We must leave this interesting topic for the discussion of ethnologists.

No pilgrim ever visited the shrine of his patron saint under a more solemn sense of responsibility than the author of *Field and Fern* exhibits when visiting the shrines of his sacred sheep and oxen. He had already spent four years among the flocks and herds of England, and he desired to find new scope for pastorals across the border. He wished to visit 'past and present Highland Society's winners in their own stall or fold, to gather evidence regarding the present progress of stock, and to collect trustworthy data concerning the thoughts and labours of those who have formerly done Scotland service in this respect.' He seems to have kept steadily to his purpose, and though evidently possessed of an appreciative eye for scenery, was obliged to disregard the most glorious combinations of water, wood, and mountain, and the most interesting historical associations, in his pursuit of 'crack' sheep and cattle. He could not, he tells us, spare a day for the Trosachs, for he was busy after blackfaces, and would have missed Killiecrankie had it not led to the West Highland herd at Blair-Athol. It is pleasant to read of such enthusiasm, especially as it was accompanied by much hard labour. The author spent three summers and a winter in his investigations, and travelled eight thousand miles, either on foot or on an Orkney 'garron,' an animal which used to bolt with her rider on very small provocation, and generally in the wrong direction. Sometimes, in spite of the skittishness of his steed, he took a nap on horseback; and he describes the genuine refreshment of one of these slumbers at midnight on the Ord of Caithness, while the rain streamed down, and the mare grazed. In another place, he says: 'There are many dreary passages in a man's life; but wiping down a mare very short of condition in your shirt-sleeves in a cow-house in a wild muir, by a dim, spluttering dip at midnight, with the wind sighing through the broken panes, the heavy rain-drops pattering on the door-sill, and a forty miles' ride before you, has very few to match it. Still, it had to be done; and "if I mun day, I mun day." Elsewhere, he gleefully describes a rattle over the Lammermoors with the thermometer at sixteen degrees below freezing, so that we may conclude him to be anything but a Sybarite.

The book begins with the Shetlands, and awakens a Londoner's envy by telling him that in that northern outpost of Her Majesty's dominions, he may buy a good fat hen for sixpence, and a

goose for eighteenpence. Eggs are fourpence a dozen, 'except when the fleet comes;' for the Channel Fleet, we may observe, besides guarding or professing to guard our coasts, possesses the magical property of raising prices considerably in remote seaports. The Shetland cows are a pocket-edition of the old-fashioned Yorkshire milch-cows, but with more of a short-horn head. When near calving, they are worth from L.4, 10s. to L.5, 10s., and after exportation, will, with good keep, double their value in twelve months. As for the ponies, such a demand sprung up a few years ago for the Durham collieries, that the islands were nearly cleared of aged ponies, but the inquiry having slackened, prices have since receded. The underground work does not appear to impair the health of these little creatures; some of them have not seen the light for fifteen years, and they scarcely ever suffer from the usual horse diseases, though accidents, owing to the darkness and the steepness of the roads they have to travel, are very numerous. The Shetland sheep are as shy as rabbits, and a dog is of no use among them, because they don't run together when frightened, or, as our author tersely puts it, they never 'pack in a panic.'

Let us next turn to the Orkneys, which, in spite of their high latitude, are so wonderfully mild in winter. Vegetation is seldom at rest, and the yellow jessamines for the Christmas decorations of 1859 were plucked in the open air. A fifth crop of grass was once cut in December, and by Twelfth-day the pasture has made good head. Real winter comes with the nip of March, and then is the trying time for the cattle. Let us select the island of Shapinsay as a specimen of Orkadian progress, under a single energetic proprietor, Mr Balfour. In 1848, there were only seven hundred acres under the plough; in 1863, there were six thousand: in fact, except a few primitive patches of grass and heather, the island is all reclaimed. Great improvements have been effected in the domestic animals; the aboriginal breed of sheep has been extirpated, as being utterly worthless, and their place supplied by Leicester-Cheviots, or 'half-breds;' the cattle are crossed with short-horn bulls, the pigs with the Buccleuch breed, and the garrons with Clydesdales, whose fifteen two and three descendants are gradually supplanting the pony teams. The Orkneys are well supplied with cattle; a brisk export trade is carried on with Aberdeen and Edinburgh; and yet, when the Channel Fleet called at Kirkwall, six thousand pounds of butcher-meat were supplied to it daily.

Crossing over the Pentland Firth, we land in Caithness, which the open winter, combined with good grass and turnips, has made a rich storehouse of short-horn crosses, and big fine-woolled half-breeds for the feeders and breeders of the south. At Thurso dwelt Sir John Sinclair, a name famous in the earlier annals of the Highland Society, and still cherished in the Lowlands, for the author heard a toper denied another tumbler of toddy, unless he could articulate, 'Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*.' It is given to few men in Caithness to sit under the shadow of the trees they have planted, but this happiness has been attained by the present Mr John Sinclair, who is nearly as zealous an improver as his great namesake. The land is first trenched and drained; then plantations are formed in masses, and planted out after eight or nine years' growth. Thus have arisen snug beltings of thorn, ash, and elm; the red berries

of the rowan-tree vie with the graceful clusters of the laburnum, and the purple beech with the black Austrian pine. Sheep and cattle thrive bravely with such shelter, provided their diet be generous. Grass, in Caithness, is ready at the end of May, and lasts up to the middle of September. Then comes a wide gap of grasslessness, and high feeders sometimes have to help out their Swedes with corn and cake.

Let us leave four-footed creatures for a moment, to glance at the condition of a Sutherlandshire shepherd. He begins at eighteen, and serves a four or five years' apprenticeship, with L.16 to L.25 a year wages and his keep. When he becomes a master, he has a cottage and grass for two cows and a horse, a pack of eighty sheep in lieu of wages, and an allowance of six and a half bolls of meal (about eight hundredweights English). His two-acre farm is generally cropped with potatoes or barley; and a braxy victim, when it has been skinned, well pressed with stones in a burn, to extract the inflammation, and then salted, makes no contemptible hung-mutton.

Here is the inventory of the property in a five-acre holding in East Ross-shire: a pig, which the owner sells to a southern jobber, when a twelve-month old, for neither Highlander nor Lowlander loves pork; two or three blackfaced sheep, which seem to wander over their master's little unfenced crops just as they please, and feed out of the pot as well, and whose wool supplies the guidwife's wheel all the winter; a pair of Highland ponies; a stirk or two (*Anglicæ*, yearling cow or bullock); and a dozen Dorking hens.

The author gives a capital sketch of Inverness during the Character Fair, or Wool Parliament of the Highlands, when salesmen gather together from all quarters of the compass, and sometimes buy fifteen thousand ewes at a stroke. We should especially like to see the boots of the *Caledonian Hotel* on a Sabbath morning gravely advising visitors in the different styles of preachers in the town. 'When he had run his eye once over them, he seemed to fathom their taste: "You would like a very rousing gentleman; I've just one to suit you; go to —;" or: "I think I'll send you to the Establishment;" and off they went on their various ways, meekly, and nothing doubting.' Hugh Snowie's shop, too, just before the 12th of August, is worth a visit. The veteran sits at his desk with a file of letters before him about moors and deer-forests to let, and the crack deer-heads of the previous season ornament the walls around him. They stay there for a year and a day; and Hugh's henchman, Colin Read, has turned out twenty-three annual sets of about six dozen each.

Passing through the province of Moray, with its fine sandy loam and fattening grasses, we come to Banffshire, where we may pause to remark why horse-breeding has declined in that district. When railways became general in the south, the high prices tempted farmers to sell their best mares and fillies, and the size and stamp have never been recovered. The Clydesdale horses cannot be too large to please the Lowland buyers; even an eighteen-hand giant would be eagerly sought after. In Edinburgh, a horse may sometimes be seen with three tons on a 'lorry'; and an old black horse of seventeen hands, once drew a printing-press, which weighed with the 'lorry' five tons, three miles on the rise, all the way from Granton to Catherine Street.

Banff, Moray, and Aberdeen are the three leading Scottish beef-counties, and the city of Aberdeen is the head-quarters of the butchering-trade. More beasts are slaughtered weekly in Aberdeen than in Glasgow. In 1863, nine thousand tons of dead-meat, and about fourteen thousand cattle, were sent southward by railway. At the farm of Mr McCombie, of Easter Skene, the author saw the great prize-ox of 1863, occupying the box of honour. 'His owner remarked that a little man would not be able to see him without assistance, and adjured us then and there to mount the manger, and survey the vast plateau of roast-beef. "Have you ever looked over more pounds?" was his triumphant query as we descended. In that low-roofed tabernacle,' continues our enthusiastic pilgrim, 'there seemed but one reply; but he was dwarfed by the Islington building, and we should not have remarked on him as a veritable Great Eastern among the bullocks there.' In this collection, there are some interesting reminiscences of the cattle-trade seventy or eighty years ago. In those days, the risks were great, for there were no bridges over the rivers, and many, especially in the spring, died in the transit; but the expenses of travelling were very trifling. There were no toll-bars, and the roadsides and commons afforded the cattle their supply of food. Prices were high during the French war; but a great drop took place at the peace in 1814. A well-known dealer, nicknamed 'Old Staley,' was passing through Perth with a very large drove of cattle while the bells were ringing out the joyful news. He often remarked that this merry peal was a sorrowful one to him, for it cost him three thousand pounds.

Among Aberdeenshire proprietors, we have pleasant sketches of the late Mr Boswell of Kingcausie and of Captain Barclay of pedestrian celebrity. Mr Boswell was one of those genuine benefactors to society who make many blades of grass grow where none grew before. Mr Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer' was justly proud of having 'stabbed Thornaby waste'; and Mr Boswell could point to upwards of fifteen hundred acres of barren moorland brought into cultivation by his own energy and perseverance. Of Captain Barclay, there are many interesting reminiscences: how, when he was past sixty, he would walk six-and-twenty miles to dinner, and return by the same conveyance next morning; how he would have everything on the largest possible scale, from his wheat-wagons down to his glass tumblers; how he met Mr Hugh Watson for the first time at a courting meeting, and seeing that he was a man after his own heart, asked him, as if it was a highly intellectual treat: 'Would you like to see me strip to-night, and feel my muscle?' Lastly, how he managed the old *Defiance* coach, which bowed its proud head to steam in 1849.

Space will not permit us to cross the Firth of Forth, to which division of North Britain Mr Dixon's second volume is devoted; so, in conclusion, we must take a passing glance at Inchmartine, the home of the celebrated Henwife of the Carse of Gowrie. We learn that Mrs Fergusson Blair's love of hens is scarcely twelve years old, and had its origin on board an Edinburgh steamer. In order to beguile the weariness of the voyage, she looked at some coops of Cochins, bought two of the hens, and thus laid the foundation of a poultry establishment which sometimes numbers fifteen hundred head of fowls. We need not

follow the author through his exhaustive and accurate catalogue of the different breeds which find habitation there; we prefer to accompany Mrs Blair on her never-failing two-o'clock round through the poultry-yards, with two baskets of 'rissoles.' These rissoles are dainty provision, containing not merely oatmeal, but buckwheat, linseed, and spice; besides which, old ale, bread, potatoes, chicken, and other good things, get into that wonderful bowl which is devoted to the clearings of the dining-room. Wheat, barley, and Indian corn are the staple of the outdoor relief, which the girl and man who act as sub-overseers under Annie, the head-woman, deal out twice a day. These three retainers have plenty to do. The sitting-hens have to be lifted off their eggs, and put out for half-an-hour to exercise; and every instant demands watchfulness, for a chicken may be catching cold, or an egg may be roasted in the 'eccaleobion.' Annie is on terms of the most affectionate intimacy with her feathered family. With deep interest, she tells of a sick cock, which has been washed with hot vinegar and water for an attack of cold, and 'quite enjoyed its castor-oil and a pill.' Then there is 'Mussie,' an aged bantam, quite 'doited' in its head with infirmity; but Annie perceives it not. With her, it is still 'a little wee monkey, as happy as you like;' and it gets a bit of egg as a solace from her breakfast, and beef from her dinner.

Field and Fern is full of such pleasant sketches of Scottish rural life; while, as for the more solid contents of the book—namely, the descriptions of the various flocks and herds which the author visited—they are given with the most painstaking accuracy, the proof-sheets having, in every instance, been submitted to the respective owners before publication.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

It was summer-time, and the dawning day
Shone bright on the cliffs of our lonely bay,
And my man went out in his boat to sea,
To win the bread for his house and me.

The day went on—I remember it well—
The rooms were filled with the salt sea-smell;
And the sunlight came, like an angel good,
Through the doors and the windows that open stood.

I sang and worked with joy in my heart,
For I hold that a wife should do her part
To clean and brighten the house within,
Praying the Lord to keep her from sin.

I had finished, and just sat down to rest,
When I saw a cloud rise up in the west,
And the moan of the sea grew loud on the rocks,
And the gulls flew landward in shrieking flocks.

Soon the wind blew loud from the hollow skies,
And I watched the waves with frightened eyes,
As they struggled and sprang at the cloud's black frown,
And clutching their broad wings, swept them down.

Then I hurried out to the old pier-head,
Through the yard of the church, where slept the dead;
And I wished that my man and I had died,
And were quietly sleeping there, side by side.

'Twas an evil wish—I rebuked it too;
But *one* heart is weak where there should be two,
And *one* voice alone grows weak in prayer,
When it misses another so often there.

Well, I watched for hours in the beat and blow,
Till all the light from the sky did go,
Then I turned heart-sick from the fling of the foam,
And wrestled my way to my vacant home.

There the breath of the storm blew under the door,
And I felt it whisper along the floor;
And the clothes of my man, as they hung on the stand,
Swung as if touched by a spirit-hand.

The lights I put in the window small,
Were blown into darkness one and all;
And I heard, as the whirling storm went by,
Shrieks as of souls about to die.

I dropt to the ground with my hands on my face,
For I feared to see some sight in the place;
And I prayed the Lord my soul to keep,
And He heard my prayer, and gave me sleep.

I leapt up at last; 'twas early dawn:
I ran to the door—the storm was gone;
The morning-star shone bright o'er the sea;
And my man came home to his house and me.

The Novel, BROUGHT TO LIGHT, now finished, will be followed, in January 1887, by another ORIGINAL SERIAL TALE, by the Author of LADY FLAVIA, entitled

LORD ULSWATER.

The extra Christmas Double Number of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, entitled

UP AND DOWN MONT BLANC,

will be included in the December Part. It will also be issued separately at Threepence, and will contain the following stories:—

The Guide's Story.

Uncle Roderic.

Captain Grainger.

A Cat's-paw.

Our Brush with the Pirates.

The Storm-Light of Haklarsholm.

The Friendly Meeting.

The Publishers of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 47 Paternoster Row, London.'

2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove illegible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. All MSS. should bear the author's full CHRISTIAN name, surname, and address.

4th. MSS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return rejected papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.